

SHE'S THE WAN

Written by
James Calder

Address: Rua Rio Tambre 8, Os Regos, Oleiros, La Coruña,
15173, Spain.
Tel: 00 34 881 964 406
Mob: 00 34 616 731 227
email: gingerfox@mundo-r.com

FADE IN:

EXT. GLASGOW CITY CENTRE STREET - DAY

Microphone in hand and wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the words "Auld Claes and Porridge", a bright-eyed STUDENT REPORTER talks into a camera.

STUDENT REPORTER

Hello, my name's Shona Donachie, and in the latest instalment of The Love Files we'll be asking the people of Glasgow: 'How do you know when you've met the One?'

EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - LATER

The reporter collars a MIDDLE-AGED MAN and WOMAN.

STUDENT REPORTER

Hi. We're making a documentary on love and we have a question for you.

WOMAN

Yir askin' the wrang man, darlin'.

STUDENT REPORTER

How can you tell when you've met the One?

MAN AND WOMAN

(looking at each other)

The Wan?

MAN AND WOMAN (CONT'D)

(into the camera)

We're still lookin'.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - SAME

Words leap out from the page of a book: "love", "bends", "love", "tempests", "love", "doom", "love", "love", "love". The number "116" appears above the words, ringed in biro.

JIM, 20, clean-cut and wearing a lemon tank top, closes the book, "Shakespeare's Sonnets", and tosses it onto the table.

Sunshine streams in through the window. He yawns as he packs his things away.

EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - SAME

A TRENDY YOUNG MAN appears on camera with the student reporter.

TRENDY YOUNG MAN

The Wan? There's mair than wan. Ah
had twa at the weekend for starters.

He winks at the camera.

YOUNG MAN

Know whit Ah mean?

EXT. WEST END STREET - SAME

Jim, anything but trendy, emerges from the library, glances up at the clear blue sky and heads off down the street.

SUPER: "GLASGOW, THE VERY LATE 1980S"

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - LATER

KIRSTIE, 20, attractive but drearily dressed in a matching dark jacket, tunic, trousers and cap, appears on camera with the student reporter.

Anti-Thatcher and Poll Tax demonstration posters line the wall behind them.

KIRSTIE

It's intuition. Instinct.

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - LATER

A blank-faced Jim appears on camera with the student reporter.

JIM

The One? I don't know.

INTERCUT KIRSTIE AND JIM'S REPLIES

KIRSTIE

You can feel it in the pit of your
stomach. It aches inside you.

JIM

Never thought about it.

KIRSTIE

That's when you know.

JIM

I wouldn't have a clue.

THE SEER OF SAUCIEHALL STREET, 50 plus, imposing, silver-haired and conspicuous in a long black coat worn over an Auld Claes and Porridge T-shirt, sidles up to Jim.

THE SEER

You can do better than that, Jamesie.
Ye've met her.

He leans into Jim.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

What was it you said to her?
(striving for
dramatic effect)
'I usually clam up with girls I
like.'

JIM

(scoffing)

You been on the Special Brew, mate?

THE SEER

Oh, we're aw on the special brew,
boy. Even you, though your uneducated
palate has yet to register it's
subtle yet intoxicating taste.

The Seer floats off. Jim turns to the reporter.

JIM

How many loonies are there in this
city?

INT. PARK - LATER

Jim wanders into the busy park.

He spots SCOTT, good-looking and he knows it, SHUG, a cut-price version of Scott, and the unremarkable GAVIN -- all of them 20 -- seated on the grass, next to a group of young female students.

Jim makes his way over. Scott and Shug both have their shirts off. Indie music blares on Scott's cassette player.

SHUG
 (emphatic)
 Basinger, Pfeiffer, McGillis.

SCOTT
 Solid choices.

SHUG
 (to Jim)
 Taps aff, man.

SCOTT
 Tank taps aff.

SHUG
 Perm-a-nent-ly.

Shug and Scott guffaw.

JIM
 Ha ha ha.
 (beat)
 It's not that warm.

SCOTT
 Warm enough.

He nods in the direction of the girls.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Talking of honeys, here's my top
 three femmes fatales: Emmanuel Beart,
 Lisa Bonet and that bird from Betty
 Blue.

(beat)
 French, like. Dirty.

SHUG
 That opening scene in Betty Blue.
 Jesus!

JIM
 You mean Beatrice Dalle?

SCOTT
 Whatever.

JIM
 Lisa Bonet's not French either.

SCOTT
 She will be when I get her in the
 sack.

JIM
 Since when have you been into
 arthouse?

SCOTT
 The ladies love a bit of continental
 sophistication.
 (raising his voice)
 Sex scenes are better too.

Scott runs his fingers through his hair. Giggles from the girls, a sigh from Jim.

JIM
 What about you, Gav?

SHUG
 Torn between Tom Cruise and Val
 Kilmer.

GAVIN
 (to Shug)
 Says the man who's watched Top Gun
 375 times!
 (to Jim)
 They won't let me have Felicity
 Kendal or Grace Kelly.

SCOTT
 How many times? Felicity Kendal is
 not a film actress.

GAVIN
 What does it matter?

SCOTT
 Rules are rules. Film only.

Gavin's brow furrows.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 And Grace Kelly's dead. You're not
 going to shag a corpse, are you?

JIM
 (pointing at Shug)
 Yeah, because he's got a great chance
 of banging Michelle Pfeiffer, right?

SHUG
 More than you in that minging tank
 top.

(MORE)

SHUG (CONT'D)
 (reading the badge in
 a posh English
 accent)
 Woodhall Spa Golf Club.
 (beat)
 Fuck me, Jim. When you going to ditch
 that rag?

JIM
 (hurt)
 I won the junior county championship
 in this.

SCOTT
 Was that your handicap?

Scott and Shug cackle.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 So what about your top three, Mr
 Golf?

JIM
 I dunno. Kelly Sloan?

SHUG
 Hardly a film star.

JIM
 Leading lady, though.

SCOTT
 Can't fault your ambition, Jimbo. But
 she's AC Milan to your...

SHUG
 ...Hamilton Accies.

JIM
 Hamilton beat Rangers in the Cup.

SCOTT
 But Rangers don't have Franco Baresi.
 And fitba's unpredictable, whereas
 the dating game, well that's cut and
 dried.

(indicating himself)
 You've either got it...
 (indicating Jim)
 ...or you haven't. Anyway...

Scott beats a drum roll on his knee.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(putting on a showbiz
American accent)
...and Jimbo's nominations for best
actress are...

JIM
Julie Christie...

GAVIN
(appreciative)
Far From The Madding Crowd.

SCOTT
(correcting Gavin)
Doctor Zhivago.

JIM
...Greta Scacchi...

SHUG
Great tits.

JIM
...and Holly Hunter.

The drum roll stops.

SCOTT
Holly Hunter? What are you on?

SHUG
She's a midget.

JIM
She's petite.

SCOTT
(almost affronted)
You serious?

GAVIN
I can see where he's coming from.

JIM
The Southern drawl. The brown eyes.
The bob. That whole feisty thing.

SHUG
(in mock thought)
Just not getting it.

SCOTT
 (shaking his head)
 You were doing so well too.

Kirstie, seated right behind Shug, gets to her feet and waves goodbye to her friends.

She smiles at Jim as she leaves.

KIRSTIE
 Hi James.

JIM
 (unable to remember
 her name)
 Oh, hiya.

The four of them fall silent as she wanders off.

SHUG
 (imitating her)
 Hi James.

JIM
 (matter of fact)
 Think I met her in first year. Can't remember where. Alright?

SCOTT
 Think I would as well.

JIM
 You serious? Look at that gear.

SHUG
 Look who's talking.

Scott's eyes follow her as she exits the park.

SCOTT
 Nah, underneath that Chinese Communist Party get-up there's a wee ride trying to get out.
 (his eyes on Jim)
 But we've got no chance, boys. She's only got eyes for LL Cool James here.

JIM
 Bollocks.

SHUG
 Must be the tank top.

JIM
What I tell you?

GAVIN
Think I've got my three.

SCOTT
You missed the boat, wee man. It's
pop divas now.

SHUG
I'm bagging Cher. She can straddle my
cannon any time.

EXT. WEST END STREET - LATER

Jim and Gavin amble along.

JIM
(sighing)
Agnetha Faltskog.

GAVIN
Who's she anyway?

JIM
The blonde one in Abba.

GAVIN
Her? I prefer the other one.

JIM
What?

GAVIN
See when she straightened her hair
for Dancing Queen. Total vision.

Kirstie, bags in hand and cap pulled down over her head,
emerges from a phone box and bumps into Jim.

KIRSTIE
Oh, I'm sorry, James. Didn't see you
there.

JIM
I wasn't looking either.
(beat)
You OK?

KIRSTIE
Just fine. See you.

She smiles at Jim and skips off down the street. Jim and Gavin watch her go.

GAVIN

Think Scott's got a point, you know.

JIM

Nah. Madonna's alright, but she's no match for Agnetha.

EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - DAY

Jim leans against a bus shelter, reading a newspaper article on the introduction of the Poll Tax in Scotland.

A bus pulls up. Jim looks up to see Kirstie, this time in a matching dark blue jacket, tunic and cap, seated on the bus, right in front of him.

Kirstie beams and waves at Jim.

Bemused, he half-heartedly waves back as the bus pulls away.

EXT. JIM'S FLAT - BACKYARD - DAY.

Jim's lemon tank top lies inside an upturned dustbin lid. Jim, wearing yet more unfashionable gear, and Shug look on as Scott liberally sprinkles lighter fluid on it.

SHUG

It's a mercy killing, Jimbo.

Scott empties the contents of the tin over the tank top, chucks the tin on the floor and hands Jim a box of matches.

SCOTT

(to Jim)

Sure about this?

JIM

No, but if it's going to increase my chances of getting into Kelly's pants.

SCOTT

Well, from zero to slim.

Jim takes a match and lights it.

Scott and Shug edge away from the scene.

Jim drops the match. Boom! He takes evasive action as flames leap up at him.

Scott and Shug burst out laughing. Gavin dashes out.

JIM

Shit. Nearly blew my bloody head off.

GAVIN

What the hell was that?

The tank top is now in cinders.

Composing themselves, Scott and Shug look Jim up and down.

They look at each other, nod, and pace towards Jim.

SCOTT

Now if you're really serious about Kelly...

JIM

No way. No fucking way.

He scoots inside. Scott and Shug give chase, joined by Gavin.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - LATER

Jim, in nothing but his boxer shorts, contemplates his wardrobe, which contains a T-shirt and a pair of jeans.

Scott puts his arm round him and scans the scene.

SCOTT

Had to be done. This is Kelly Sloan we're talking about.

JIM

Thought you said I had no chance.

SCOTT

Now the naff gear's gone, anything's possible.

JIM

And in its place?

Scott reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flyer for a second-hand clothes shop, TOGS, and three ten pound notes.

SCOTT

Boys had a whip round.

He hands Jim the money.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And even you can't go wrong here.

He hands him the flyer.

EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - LATER

Jim, in his solitary T-shirt and jeans, checks the flyer for the name of the shop but sees no sign of it on the street.

He approaches a busy newspaper stall.

Jim scans the headline on the board as he waits his turn in the queue: "Green Light For Poll Tax Demo".

The headline fades suddenly and a new one appears: "Jamesie: I've Never Met a Girl Like You Before". It disappears then appears again.

Oblivious to all around him, he stares at the board as one headline flashes up, then the other.

NEWSPAPER SELLER

Ho you!

(beat)

Gonnae stan' there aw day?

JIM

(pointing at the
board)

Have you seen... your board?

NEWSPAPER SELLER

Whit's wrang wi' ma board, Jamesie?

The newspaper seller scans the board, now showing only the original headline.

Jim looks up at him in bewilderment.

JIM

How come you know my name too?

NEWSPAPER SELLER

Ah sell the news, pal. Ah know
everything.

A queue starts to form behind Jim.

NEWSPAPER SELLER (CONT'D)

Can you no see Ah'm busy?

JIM
 (holding up the flyer)
 Do you know where this shop is?

NEWSPAPER SELLER
 (without even looking
 at it)
 'S doon there. New owners. It's
 called this noo.

The newspaper seller pulls up his jumper to reveal an Auld Claes and Porridge T-shirt.

Jim, perplexed by it all, nods. He glances back at the board, which still shows the original headline.

He wanders off. The newspaper seller attends to his next customer.

NEWSPAPER SELLER (CONT'D)
 Bloody students! Bams the lot o' 'em!

EXT. AULD CLAES AND PORRIDGE SECOND-HAND CLOTHES STORE -
 CONTINUOUS

Jim gazes at the store sign and the legend beneath: "Fittin' Roonn Pegs in Roonn Holes Since 1987".

A smiling Kirstie, today in a dark grey version of her signature outfit, emerges from the shop, a bag in each hand.

KIRSTIE
 You again, James? Is this destiny or
 mutual stalking?

Speechless, he can only gawp at her.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)
 I'd love to have a blether but I've
 got to dash. See ya!

Blank-faced, he watches her trot off.

INT. AULD CLAES AND PORRIDGE SECOND-HAND CLOTHES STORE -
 CONTINUOUS

A bubbly female SHOP ASSISTANT, wearing one of the store's T-shirts, folds clothes as Jim walks in. Customers mill around.

SHOP ASSISTANT
 Hullo there. Needing any help?

JIM
 (still pulling
 himself together)
 Just looking... thanks.

SHOP ASSISTANT
 OK. Just look away.

Jim starts perusing the racks of clothes. The shop assistant keeps a close eye on him as she goes about her work.

He pulls out a lemon jacket, then a garish checked one. The shop assistant tuts and shakes her head.

Jim turns to look at her.

SHOP ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 Everything OK there?

JIM
 (curt)
 Fine.

Jim continues to pick out the brightest clothes on the rails. The shop assistant continues to watch, disapprovingly.

Unable to bear it any longer, she appears by his side.

SHOP ASSISTANT
 You do need help.
 (taking the clothes
 from him)
 What is it wi' you 'n' lemon?

JIM
 What do you mean 'me and lemon'?

She dumps the clothes on the table behind her, then picks out jackets, shirts and jeans in more muted colours.

JIM (CONT'D)
 You know what's going on.

She hands him her selection.

JIM (CONT'D)
 The girl who was just in here. You know her, don't you?

SHOP ASSISTANT
 (smiling)
 Try these on.

She goes back to folding and tidying.

JIM
You're in on this.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Sorry sir. I just sell clothes.

JIM
Sure you do.

He slopes off to the changing rooms.

INT. AULD CLAES AND PORRIDGE SECOND-HAND CLOTHES STORE -
LATER

Jim stands at the counter, as the shop assistant rings his purchases through an old-fashioned till.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Ye know what ye need to roond things
off? A wee dod of je ne sais quoi.

She peels a leather jacket from the rack behind her and hands it to him.

SHOP ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Special offer on them as well. Stick
it on.

JIM
Don't suppose I've got much say in
this, have I?

SHOP ASSISTANT
No wi' your dress sense.

He pulls it on and models it for her, looking awkward.

SHOP ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
What did Ah tell ye? Just the ticket.

She taps away at the till. It clicks and whirrs.

SHOP ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Just remember though: clothes do not
make the man, or the woman,
especially ones with caps and tunics.

She has his undivided attention.

JIM
So you do know her?

The till kerchings.

SHOP ASSISTANT
That's 40 pounds, please.

He hands her the money.

JIM
(almost imploring)
Just tell me what's going on, please.

She pops the receipt in one of the bags, hands them to him with a smile and makes her way over to another customer.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Needing any help there?

Jim looks around at the other customers.

JIM
Won't somebody tell me?

Silence.

Admitting defeat, he turns for the door.

SHOP ASSISTANT
(to Jim)
Bye. Mind and check your receipt, eh?

EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jim fishes in the bag and pulls the receipt out. He scans it to see a message printed at the bottom: "KS: You make me laugh. JS: You make me smile."

Jim wears a puzzled look.

JIM
KS?

A smile comes to his face.

JIM (CONT'D)
Kelly Sloan.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY

Jim, in his new gear, checks himself in the mirror. He likes what he sees.

Scott emerges from his room.

SCOTT
Looking sharp, Jimbo. Odds are
shortening on you and Kel.

Jim wears a confident smile as he pulls on his new leather jacket, admiring the transformation in the mirror.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(approvingly)
Check it out.

JIM
Yeah, just had to have it.
(beat)
Shug and Gav not coming?

SCOTT
Shug's got some mystery guitar lesson, and Gav's chugging off over the Periodic Table.

JIM
Just you and me, then.

EXT. CITY CENTRE STREET - LATER

Jim and Scott hold placards at a noisy anti-poll tax march.
Scott looks at Jim, then at his placard.

SCOTT
So how does that feel, Thatcher voter?

A couple of demonstrators turn to view Jim with suspicion.

JIM
(to Scott)
That's right. Tell the world.

SCOTT
You could be a double agent for all we know.

JIM
I'm not a Tory.

SCOTT
(lowering his voice)
You voted for her, didn't you?

JIM

Look, they get a 10,000 majority
where I live. It doesn't matter who
you vote for.

(beat)

Never going to live it down, am I?

SCOTT

It'll always be on your charge sheet.
When the day of reckoning comes, St
Peter's not going to let that one
slide.

(pretending to read a
ledger)

'Tory voter, I see. Get tae fuck!'

JIM

Ever heard of redemption, atonement,
that kind of thing?

SCOTT

Too late for that.

A chant goes up: "Maggie! Maggie! Maggie! Out! Out! Out!"

JIM

Anyway, what are you doing here? You
don't give a shit about the poll tax.

Scott pats a notebook in his jacket pocket.

SCOTT

Doing a bit of research. Got a debate
on this next week.

JIM

Pfff. Some Red Clydesider you are!
(shouting)

Maggie! Maggie! Maggie!

EXT. GLASGOW GREEN - LATER

Jim, Scott and the rest of a large crowd listen to an
impassioned SPEAKER.

Scott takes notes.

SPEAKER

She's taken away our industry, our
jobs and our livelihoods, but she'll
not take away our pride or our belief
in a fairer society, a society that
condemns and rejects this unjust tax.

Applause and cheers. Scott scribbles away.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

In refusing to pay it we will draw a line in the sand and raise a sword of defiance to her and her cronies.

Jim spots KELLY SLOAN, 20, dark-haired and gorgeous in the crowd. He nudges Scott.

JIM

Look who's here.

SPEAKER

(overlapping)

She strong-armed the miners and Argentina...

Scott looks up.

SCOTT

(overlapping)

Aye, no bad.

(beat)

Show her the new-look Jimmy Sinclair then.

SPEAKER

(overlapping)

...but let me tell you this now, loud and clear...

JIM

(to Scott)

When this guy's done.

SPEAKER

(overlapping)

...she'll not strong-arm the people of Scotland. Not today! Not ever!

More loud cheers. Scott and Jim applaud.

SCOTT

(shouting)

You tell the witch, pal.

SPEAKER

So I ask you brothers and sisters, that when this dastardly tax becomes law on April Fools Day, of all days, I ask you to join me with in tearing up their demands, for nothing and no one can coerce us into paying it.

Ringling applause.

Jim spots Kirstie, in yet another of her drab, matching outfits.

She waves at him. His face is a mix of anger and disbelief.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

And I ask you, the Tory-voting James Sinclair of Lincolnshire, to think on the words you spoke that night and to act on them.

He draws his gaze back to the speaker.

JIM

Eh?

Jim looks for Kirstie. She is nowhere to be seen.

SPEAKER

Inebriated as you were, you meant what you told her. Every word of it.

JIM

(to Scott)

You hearing this?

SCOTT

Aye, can't fault the boy's rhetoric.

SPEAKER

The candle she holds for you still burns.

(beat)

But time is running out.

(beat)

She'll not wait forever.

More applause.

JIM

(to Scott)

I'm out of here.

Jim starts pushing his way out of the crowd.

SCOTT

Hey, what about my research?

EXT. WEST END STREET - LATER

Scott and Jim emerge from a pub.

SCOTT

Sure you're no on the magic mushrooms?

JIM

Wish I was. And I wish I knew what night he meant. I mean how many times have I...

SCOTT

...got steaming and made a tit of yourself with a bird?

JIM

Exactly.

SCOTT

Fuck him anyway. There's only one girl for you.

JIM

Kelly?

SCOTT

Too right. Reach for the stars, Jimbo.

JIM

Don't you want to get in there?

SCOTT

She's not my type. Perfect match for you, though.

JIM

You reckon? I've never really spoken to her.

SCOTT

With your shite patter that's an advantage.

(beat)

Look, I'll give you the bullets. All you've got to do is pull the trigger.

They approach a chip shop: "Mr Chipperoonis".

JIM

I'm starving. Fancy something?

SCOTT

Not from that Chipperooni cunt. Puts his prices up at chucking-out time, the bastard. Nearly had a square-go with him last week.

(beat)

Market forces. You'd approve of that Tory Boy.

Jim smiles a wry smile.

They pass a busy cafe.

Scott spots Kirstie reading a book at the window.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(nudging Jim)

Little Miss Mao.

JIM

(fuming)

Christ. I've had enough of this.

He storms into the cafe.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Jim marches up to Kirstie's table.

JIM

(jabbing his finger)

You better tell me what the hell's going on.

KIRSTIE

(cheery)

Nice to see you too. Wanting a coffee?

JIM

Why are you following me?

She lays the book down.

KIRSTIE

Following you? Is that what this looks like?

JIM

You know what I mean.

KIRSTIE

Do I?

JIM
 (wide-eyed)
 Those people. They're here, aren't they?
 (to the rest of the
 cafe, raising his
 voice)
 Quiet everyone. Can you be quiet,
 please?

KIRSTIE
 What people? What the hell are you
 talking about?

Jim climbs on to a chair. Kirstie puts a hand to her head.

JIM
 (addressing his new
 audience)
 Quiet, please.

Silence descends upon the cafe. All eyes are on Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Has anyone got a cryptic message for
 me about love, that night or some
 things I'm supposed to have said.

KIRSTIE
 James, for God's sake!

A YOUNG MAN stands up.

YOUNG MAN
 Ah've goat a message about love fir
 ye.

JIM
 (strident)
 Come on then, let's hear it.

The young man quotes some lines from a popular love song.

He sings the song, clapping a beat as he does so, to the
 amusement of everyone bar Jim.

When he reaches the chorus, the rest of the cafe joins in.

Jim, resigned, surveys the scene. Kirstie smirks.

KIRSTIE
 (to Jim)
 Let's get you out of here.

As the singsong continues, she pulls him down from the chair and yanks him outside.

EXT. WEST END STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kirstie still has Jim by the arm as she strides down the street.

JIM
Who are you?

KIRSTIE
Kirstie.

JIM
Kirstie what?

KIRSTIE
Kirstie Stewart.

JIM
Kirstie with a "K" and Stewart with
an "S"?

KIRSTIE
Yes. So you're not as stupid as you
look?

JIM
(to himself)
Has to be a coincidence.
(beat)
Where did we meet?

KIRSTIE
Freshers' Week. But you won't
remember because you were drunk.
Really drunk.

JIM
Did we...?

KIRSTIE
No, we just spoke, for quite a while.
Then you fell over. I got you into a
cab and took you back to your room.

JIM
And then?

KIRSTIE
I left a bucket by your bed and went
home.

JIM
Why do you call me James?

KIRSTIE
Because you're not a Jim.

JIM
Why do you keep popping up
everywhere?

KIRSTIE
I don't. Maybe you never noticed me
before.

JIM
Why do strangers keep talking to me?

KIRSTIE
You'd better ask a shrink about that.

JIM
Why do you wear that gear?

KIRSTIE
Because I like it.

JIM
You get it from that Porridge shop,
don't you?

KIRSTIE
(irritated)
Yes, and other places. Any more
questions?

JIM
What were you doing at the poll tax
demo?

She lets go of his arm and turns to face him.

KIRSTIE
Protesting. More to the point, what
were you doing there?

JIM
Eh?

KIRSTIE
Last I heard, you voted for her.

JIM
I told you that?

KIRSTIE
Among other things.

JIM
I don't remember.

KIRSTIE
And what's with the new look anyway?
Trying to impress someone?

He has nothing to say.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)
Look, I'm going back to my flat.
(beat)
And you need a cup of tea.

She heads up a flight of steps to her flat. Jim stands there.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)
Come on then!

He skips up the steps.

INT. KIRSTIE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - LATER

Jim is alone. Drawings, prints and art posters line the walls. He studies them and then spots the wardrobe.

He tiptoes over to it and quietly opens the door.

He scans the clothes. Her drab uniforms are neatly laid out on one side, with jeans, jumpers and T-shirts on the other.

He hears Kirstie's footsteps on the corridor floorboards, closes the wardrobe door and nips back to the drawings.

A capless Kirstie appears with two mugs of tea, her blonde hair in a ponytail. She hands Jim a mug.

KIRSTIE
Here you go.

He can't take his eyes off her hair.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)
What is it?

JIM
Nothing.

He sips on his tea. She flops down on the bed.

JIM (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry about all that. I feel like a bit of a...

KIRSTIE

You are.

(softening)

It's alright. We all have our moments.

JIM

So what did I say that night?

KIRSTIE

You like dressing up in your mum's clothes.

JIM

What?

KIRSTIE

(to herself)

Blows his top... gullible...

JIM

Oh. I get it.

She reaches over to put a record on. He sits beside her.

KIRSTIE

I'm thinking but I can't remember. It was a while ago now.

JIM

I can guess anyway. I always talk crap when I'm drunk.

KIRSTIE

Well, now you mention it.

They smile at each other, their eyes meeting, briefly.

He points to the drawings

JIM

(appreciative)

Those yours?

She nods.

JIM (CONT'D)

Why aren't you at the art school?

KIRSTIE

Because my dad wanted me to study law. Said there was no future in drawing little pictures.

(beat)

I suppose he's right.

JIM

What if he's not?

She shrugs her shoulders.

JIM (CONT'D)

What do you want?

KIRSTIE

You and your questions.

JIM

You don't seem like the legal type to me.

KIRSTIE

Really? So what type am I?

JIM

Someone who can stand up for herself.

He gets up to inspect two of the drawings, portraits of an old man and woman.

KIRSTIE

My grandparents. 55 years together.

She joins him.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

They died last year, two weeks apart. That's a love story for you.

Jim studies them closely.

JIM

Where did you learn to draw like this?

KIRSTIE

School. Had a brilliant teacher. Everyone else just messed about but I loved it.

JIM

You've got to talk to your dad.

KIRSTIE

Listen to you. Five minutes ago you were accusing me of stalking and now you're my career guidance officer.

She picks up a stick of charcoal and waves it at him.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

Come on then. If you're so interested in my artistic career, you can be my muse.

INT. KIRSTIE'S FLAT - LATER

Jim reclines on the bed as Kirstie sketches him.

His face breaks into a smile.

KIRSTIE

What?

JIM

Feel a bit, you know, self-conscious.

KIRSTIE

Relax.

(beat)

You forget, I've seen you steaming, and getting a whole cafe full of people to sing for you.

She smirks.

JIM

It's not funny. This thing's freaking me out.

KIRSTIE

And what thing is it exactly?

JIM

I know people are mental and friendly here, but there's these strangers...

Silence, broken only by the sound of Kirstie's stick of charcoal brushing over the paper.

KIRSTIE

...telling you things you can't remember?

JIM

It's just stupid. I'm trying to think of the girls I've spoken to since I came here but...

KIRSTIE

Needle in a haystack, Romeo?

JIM

I wish.

KIRSTIE

I reckon it's those friends of yours winding you up.

JIM

They don't need to go to these lengths.

KIRSTIE

What's so special about this one night anyway?

JIM

I don't know. Just forget it. I thought you might have had something to do with it, but...

She glances up at him, then turns her attention back to the portrait.

She puts the finishing touches to it and hands it to him.

KIRSTIE

Here.

Jim admires the picture. She moves a little closer to him.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

It's for you.

JIM

(genuinely impressed)
I can't. You keep it, for your portfolio.

KIRSTIE

(softly)
I want you to have it.

The phone rings in the hallway. She sighs and skips off.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

Back in a sec.

Jim gazes at the portrait, taking in each pencil stroke.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jim, Scott and Gavin watch the news, a report on the democratic protests in Tiananmen Square. Shug strums on a bass guitar.

SCOTT

Talking of the Chinese, what happened with you and Miss Mao the other day?

JIM

Ended up going back to her place.

SCOTT

Oh aye?

JIM

Nothing happened. She got some bad news about her aunt.

(beat)

Kind of killed the mood, not that there was one, like. I don't fancy her or anything.

SCOTT

Better not. You've got bigger Mars Bars to batter.

GAVIN

(pointing to the screen)

Check it out!

The screen shows the famous footage of Tank Man, standing in front of a tank column, shopping bags in both hands.

SCOTT

Gaun yersel, wee man!

Shug stops strumming. They're all glued to the screen.

GAVIN

Baws of steel.

SHUG

My money's on the tank.

SCOTT

Everyone's protesting the now. Poles do it. Scots do it. Even educated Chinese do it.

SHUG

People fighting for their rights.

SCOTT

The right to get laid every night?

(beat)

That's been in my statute book for ages.

GAVIN

The right to have Felicity Kendal as the Nol actress you'd like to shag.

JIM

The right to cheaper chips at chucking-out time.

They fall silent.

SCOTT

Now there's a cause worth fighting for.

EXT. WEST END STREET - NIGHT

Jim, Scott, Shug and Gavin tumble out of a pub, slightly the worse for wear.

They hold hand-made placards with slogans such as "Goodbye Mr Chipperoonis" and "Not Frying Tonight".

They make their way to Mr Chipperoonis. A queue snakes outside.

Scott is about to address the queue, when Jim, swaying like a reed in the breeze, pushes him aside.

JIM

(to Scott)

I've got thish.

(to the queue)

Ten minutesh ago, the schips you're about to buy cosht 50p. Now, they cosht a quid. We shay, that'sh deep-fried exploitation. We shay, no to Thatcherite takeawaysh. We shay, boycott Mr Chipperoonis.

Two PUNTERS in the queue, a man and a woman, both wearing Auld Claes and Porridge T-shirts, shake their heads in dismay.

MALE PUNTER

(to the female punter)

She's no gonnae like this. We should stop him.

FEMALE PUNTER

What a tube! Spur of the moment, every bloody time.

MALE PUNTER

What we gonnae dae?

FEMALE PUNTER

Let him make a tit o' himself. A brush wi' Strathclyde's finest might dae him some good.

SCOTT

(banging on the shop window)

Boycott Mr Chipperoonis, ya bass.

The four protesters form a circle, hoist their placards aloft and march round and round.

JIM, SCOTT, SHUG AND GAVIN

Boycott Chipperoonis! Boycott Chipperoonis!

Some people leave the queue.

MALE PUNTER

(to the second punter)

He's gonnae fuck it aw up.

Inside, a Mr Chipperoonis employee gets on the phone. The demo continues.

JIM, SCOTT, SHUG AND GAVIN

Boycott Chipperoonis! Boycott Chipperoonis!

A siren wails in the distance.

The protesters chant on.

The lights of a police van appear. The siren grows louder.

SCOTT

The polis! Run for it!

Scott, Shug and Gavin drop their placards and run for it.

JIM

Hey! Where you going? Come back!

MALE PUNTER

(to the female punter)

We should get him oot o' here.

Jim, placard aloft, marches into the road and awaits the van, which slows down and noses towards him.

JIM

Boycott Chipperoonis! Boycott
Chipperoonis!

He walks towards the van in Tank Man style, forcing it to stop. A small crowd gathers and applauds Jim.

MALE PUNTER

What about the message?

FEMALE PUNTER

We'll get it tae him.

(shouting her
approval)

You tell em, Jamesie. You tell 'em.

A sergeant and three officers jump out of the van.

SERGEANT

(to the officers)

Cuff that undergraduate degenerate!

Jim gives himself up and holds his arms out for the officers to handcuff him.

JIM

(shouting)

Power to the people!

The crowd cheers and then boos as the officers lead Jim away.

INT. POLICE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The officers shove Jim into the back of the van. Its only other occupant is a menacing NED, also in handcuffs, an Auld Claes and Porridge baseball cap perched on his head.

NED

(leaning over to Jim)

So she said: 'Having a different taste in films doesn't mean to say you're not compatible with someone. That's just stupid.'

And you said:

(affecting a pompous English accent)

'But I read it in Cosmopolitan. It must be true.'

JIM

I've never read Coshmopolitan.

(deep in thought)

Oh, maybe I did.

(beat)

Who'sh KSh? Kelly?

NED

Dinnae ask me. Ah'm jist the messenger.

Loud bangs on the side of the van.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C)

Shut the fuck up in there.

INT. POLICE CELL - DAY

Jim wakens on a bench and tries to work out where he is.

JIM

(realising)

Oh no.

The cell door opens and a POLICE OFFICER appears.

POLICE OFFICER

Hey you, Mahatma. Oot.

Jim rises and shuffles out of the cell.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Hesitant and rough round the edges, Jim approaches the charge desk, staffed by a moustachioed DESK SERGEANT, who writes in a ledger.

DESK SERGEANT

(jovial)

Could have thrown the book at you, sonny Jim. Drunk and disorderly, breach of the peace, you name it. But Ah don't know. Ah'm feeling kind of public-spirited this morning. Generous, ye ken.

He fixes his eye on Jim.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Not like me at all.

He hands Jim a plastic bag containing his personal possessions.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

So take that and dae wan, while the going's good, before Ah change ma mind.

(pointing a finger at Jim)

But see if we catch you orchestratin' any more chip shop agitation, we'll be doon on you like a ton o' frozen cod fillets. Got that?

JIM

Yeah. Yes. Thanks.

(beat)

And my apologies for wasting Strathclyde Police's valuable time and resources.

DESK SERGEANT

You gettin' cheeky wi' me?

Jim shakes his head.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Good. Noo tak a hike.

He yanks a thumb in the direction of the door.

Jim remains rooted to the spot.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Ah said, tak a hike.

JIM

Are you sure there isn't anything else?

The desk sergeant lays his pen down.

DESK SERGEANT

Such as?

JIM

(lowering his voice)

I just thought you might have a clue
or a pointer for me, like the rest of
them.

DESK SERGEANT

A pointer?

JIM

Yeah, you know, about KS.

DESK SERGEANT

KS? Kemo Sabe? Aye, Ah am the Lone
Ranger as it happens.

He leans over the desk, his face in Jim's

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

So just you saddle up, Tonto...

(with increasing
vehemence)

...and ride the fuck oot o' ma
station the now, ya plookie, wee,
studenty Bolshevik bastirt ye!

Jim makes a beeline for the door.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(shouting)

And stay the fuck awa' frae Mr
Chipperoonis!

INT. CENTRAL STATION - LATER

Jim, still in last night's clothes, hops on to a train bound
for Stirling.

EXT. STIRLING STATION - LATER

Jim steps off the train, checks his watch and shoots down
the platform.

EXT. CEMETERY IN STIRLING - LATER

Jim, out of breath, arrives as a coffin is lowered into the ground. A party of mourners look on.

Jim keeps his distance behind them.

Kirstie, in one of her outfits -- black this time -- wipes away a tear. She spots him and gives a little wave.

EXT. CEMETERY IN STIRLING - LATER

The mourners begin to disperse. Kirstie approaches Jim.

KIRSTIE
(pleased to see him)
I can't believe you came.

JIM
Sorry I missed the service.

KIRSTIE
It's OK. I really didn't expect you.

She looks him up and down.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)
Heavy night last night?

JIM
Something like that.

Amiable and in her late 40s, MRS STEWART, Kirstie's mother, joins them.

KIRSTIE
Mum, this is James.

Jim and Mrs Stewart shake hands.

JIM
I'm very sorry about your loss, Mrs Stewart. Kirstie told me a lot about her.

MRS STEWART
Well, we'll just have to muckle on.
(beat)
Are you feeling alright, by the way?

JIM
I'm fine. Just a late-night essay session.

MRS STEWART

It was very good of you to come.
Kirstie's told me quite a bit about
you, by the way.

Kirstie rolls her eyes.

JIM

(surprised)

Oh, has she?

MRS STEWART

Well, I must be off. I have to put
the sandwiches out. It was nice to
meet you.

She turns to leave.

JIM

Mrs Stewart?

MRS STEWART

(to Jim)

Yes?

JIM

Look, I know this perhaps isn't the
right time but...

Kirstie treads on his foot.

JIM (CONT'D)

(grimacing)

Ow!

Kirstie flashes him a stern, wide-eyed look.

MRS STEWART

Yes?

JIM

Um... well... I was just wondering...
um... what your views were on...
er... um... the poll tax.

Kirstie cringes.

MRS STEWART

Well, I know you students are very
concerned about it, and rightly so,
but perhaps we can talk about it
another time, don't you think?

JIM

Of course. It was stupid of me to ask. I'm sorry.

MRS STEWART

Don't worry. Goodbye.

She leaves.

KIRSTIE

For God's sake. My mum's just buried her sister.

She shakes her head at him. He wears a sheepish grin.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

The last thing she wants to hear right now is me and bloody art school again.

(beat)

I'll fight my own battles. OK?

JIM

Sorry, I just wanted to help.

(beat)

I should get back.

KIRSTIE

I was going ask you to come home but you'll be taking a swing at my dad next.

(softening)

Look, it means a lot that you came. That's enough help.

She looks over at the grave.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

She was always there for me.

Tears well up in her eyes.

He puts an arm around her. She rests her head on his shoulder and sobs gently.

Unsure for a moment, he puts his other arm around her.

She tightens her arms around him as they hug.

She pulls away and wipes her eyes.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I didn't mean to...

She digs into her pocket, pulls out a mix tape and hands it to him.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

Here. Hopefully it'll push you in the right direction.

JIM

Meaning?

KIRSTIE

I've seen your tape collection.

JIM

You have?

KIRSTIE

That night, the one you don't remember.

(beat)

I'd better go. Mum'll be needing a hand. And you can come round if you want, you know.

JIM

Nah, tons to do.

She pecks him on the cheek.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

Catch you later then, bigmouth.

She smiles and rubs an affectionate finger on his nose.

EXT. JIM'S FLAT - LATER

Jim, still in the same clothes, approaches the front door. It opens and out comes CARLO, 20, dark-haired and handsome.

CARLO

Hi James.

JIM

Hey Carlo. How's it going?

They pass and Jim walks in.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim finds Shug strumming on a Spanish guitar.

JIM
 Hey. Thanks for leaving me in the
 shit last night.

Shug, lost in music, nods and keeps on playing.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Gav and Scott?

SHUG
 Gav's studying. Scott's round at
 Kelly's.

JIM
 (surprised)
 Kelly's?

SHUG
 (nodding)
 Said to go round.

Jim listens to the music.

JIM
 New guitar?

SHUG
 Aye... sort of.

JIM
 Sounds good. Where d'you learn that?

SHUG
 Just, you know, picking it up.

INT. KELLY'S FLAT - LATER

Jim, showered and changed, opens the door on a smoke-filled
 bedroom. Death metal assaults the ears.

Kelly, perched on the bed, smokes a joint. Scott sits on the
 floor and chat MOS to BEN, 20 and all in black.

KELLY
 (welcoming Jim)
 Hey, the Chip Shop One, my new hero.

Kelly pats the bed beside her, beckoning Jim to join her. He
 obeys.

JIM
 (to Scott)
 Some comrade you are.

SCOTT
D'you get charged?

JIM
No.

SCOTT
There you go. Nothing to worry about.
(to Kelly)
Any chance of a puff on that?

KELLY
(admiring Jim's
leather jacket)
Cool as fuck.

She sucks on the joint, holds the smoke in her mouth and then releases it through her nose. Jim is transfixed.

She passes him the joint. A bead of her saliva sits on the butt and glistens in the light. He takes the joint carefully in his fingers and drinks in the saliva with his eyes.

SCOTT
You're supposed to smoke it.

Jim moves the joint towards his mouth and slowly puts his lips around it.

He inhales the smoke too quickly and coughs violently.

KELLY
Uh oh. Virgin alert.

Scott and Ben chuckle as Jim chokes.

She takes the joint from him, hands him a glass of water and slaps him on the back.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(to Ben, pointing to
the stereo)
Not got anything a bit more mellow?

BEN
Aye, sure.

KELLY
(to Jim)
Here. Watch me.

She turns towards him and takes another puff on the joint.

Jim takes everything in: her pursed lips, snub nose and the smoke gently billowing from it.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Got it?

Completely under her spell, Jim nods. She passes the joint to him. A pounding electronic beat fills the room.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Call that mellow?

BEN

As mellow as it gets in here.

Jim expels the smoke through his nose slowly and coughs a little.

KELLY

Let's go shotgun. Give it to me.

Jim wears a quizzical look as he passes the joint back.

SCOTT

We not getting that back?

KELLY

Doesn't look like it.

(to Jim, suggestively)

Open your mouth.

Jim does so, as wide as he can.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You're not getting a filling, you know.

(beat)

A wee "O" shape'll do.

He complies.

She taps the ash off the end of the joint, places the lit end in her mouth and closes her lips around the butt.

Ben and Scott have their eyes on her.

She pulls herself closer to Jim and blows smoke into his open mouth, her eyes closed. His are wide open, running over her perfect features.

She stops blowing. He inhales the smoke, holds it in mouth and looks into her eyes as he releases it through his nose.

KELLY (CONT'D)
How was it for you?

Jim, dreamy-eyed, raises a thumb.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Any time.

She stubs the joint out in an ashtray, slides off the bed and slips her jacket on.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Been a pleasure, boys, but there's
somewhere I need to be.

SCOTT
How come he gets one of them and we
don't?

KELLY
Beginner's luck, Scottie boy.

She keeps her eyes on Scott as she glides out.

Jim, stoned, fishes out the expired joint, raises his arms in triumph and flops back on the bed.

JIM
I'm in love.

EXT. WEST END STREET - LATER

Scott escorts Jim, who is still away with the fairies.

SCOTT
You know where she is now, don't you?
Craig Watson's.

JIM
What she doing there?

SCOTT
Helping him with his German essay.

JIM
Eh? Isn't he doing French?

SCOTT
Christ's sake. What do you think
she's doing there?

JIM

Kel and Craig fucking Watson. He's a dick.

SCOTT

Aye, and he's shagging her. And what are you doing about it?

(stern)

Time you stopped fannyng about and made a move.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jim lies in bed, a look of sheer contentment on his face.

The butt of the joint lies on his bedside table, next to Kirstie's tape. Beneath it is an essay on Shakespeare's sonnets, with "49%" written in red ink at the top.

He picks up the joint, kisses it and takes an imaginary toke, his eyes closed and a goofy smile on his face.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Scott and Shug slouch on the sofa.

SHUG

(proud)

Five times.

SCOTT

Five?

SHUG

Non-stop. Up all night.

SCOTT

Some staying power.

Jim walks in.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You hear this, Jimbo? Shug was at it all night. Five times.

JIM

Who was the unlucky lady?

SCOTT

John McClane. Yippee ki yay, motherfucker.

JIM

Eh?

SHUG

(to Jim)

Die Hard marathon.

(beat)

Willis. Total fucking pro.

SCOTT

Aye, but Rickman steals the show.

SHUG

Shite. Bruce owns that film.

SCOTT

OK. Whatever man. You're the action movie buff.

Scott sits forward.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Anyway, moving on. How's about the Crystal Pistol on Tuesday?

SHUG

It's a fuckin' gay club!

SCOTT

It's straight night, ya dick.

(to Jim)

Kelly S will be in residence. Perfect opportunity for you to strike.

SHUG

I'm not going in there.

SCOTT

Not talking about you, McClane, though you'd be a big hit in your tight white vest.

(to Jim)

Well then?

JIM

What about Wanker Watson?

SCOTT

And what about Jimmy Sinclair? When's he gonna get his hole?

Jim ponders the idea and nods.

EXT. KIRSTIE'S FLAT - LATER

Jim rings the doorbell. Kirstie appears, happy to see him, in another of her dreary outfits.

They head off down the street, deep in conversation MOS.

MONTAGE - KIRSTIE AND JIM HANG OUT

-- They wander through the Botanic Gardens. Kirstie draws a quick sketch of a flower.

-- She hands him the sketch. He takes a long, admiring look, folds it up and puts it in his pocket.

-- They stroll down a busy West End street, window shopping, joking and laughing.

-- They enter a cafe.

END MONTAGE

INT. WEST END CAFE - LATER

Kirstie stirs her coffee as an animated Jim chats away.

JIM

I mean five times in a night. Can you believe it?

KIRSTIE

Bruce Willis? I wouldn't even watch him once.

JIM

Oh, it's a pretty good film, eh?

KIRSTIE

Sorry, I think I'll pass, even if it means failing your Cosmopolitan compatibility test.

His face drops.

JIM

My what?

KIRSTIE

You told me that night. You'd read in Cosmopolitan that having the same taste in films as someone is a sign of compatibility.

The blood drains from his face.

JIM
Cosmopolitan?

KIRSTIE
Yeah, it was funny. You were being
ironic.
(unsure)
You were being ironic, weren't you?

JIM
You're sure that's what I said?

KIRSTIE
Definitely. What's wrong?

JIM
Maybe you're confusing me with
someone else.

KIRSTIE
No. It was you.
(beat)
You look like you've seen a ghost.

JIM
I need some fresh air.

He gets to his feet and makes for the door.

EXT. WEST END STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jim, still ashen-faced, takes deep breaths outside the cafe.
Kirstie joins him.

KIRSTIE
Come on! I bet you're not the only
guy that reads Cosmopolitan.

JIM
Did I say that I'd never met a girl
like you before?

KIRSTIE
Probably. You were talking a lot of
shite in the taxi. Nice shite,
though.

JIM
What about: "I usually clam up with
girls I like"?

KIRSTIE
Maybe. Is this going anywhere?

JIM
"You make me smile"?

She looks him in the eye.

KIRSTIE
You definitely said that.

He puts a hand to his mouth, turns and runs off down the street.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)
James, wait!

He shoots across the road into the Kelvingrove Art Gallery. She gives chase.

INT. KELVINGROVE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Kirstie catches up with Jim to find him contemplating Dali's Christ of St John of the Cross.

JIM
Don't know why I'm looking at this. I hate it.

KIRSTIE
Well, I love it. More incompatibility I suppose.
(beat)
Going to tell me what's going on?

He turns to face her.

JIM
(blurting it out)
I've met someone. Kelly. She's amazing.

KIRSTIE
(composed)
OK. Good for you.

JIM
We were in the same halls in first year but I never realised. That ever happened to you?

KIRSTIE
Can't say it has.

She leaves him contemplating Christ and wanders off to another painting: The Orange Blind by Cadell. The Seer, dressed as a museum attendant, stands behind her.

Jim catches up with her.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)
 (staring at the woman
 in the painting)
 Look at her. She's her own woman but
 vulnerable all the same.

JIM
 It just feels right with her.

KIRSTIE
 (eyes still fixed on
 the woman)
 Waiting to be loved. Hoping not to be
 disappointed.

She turns to Jim.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)
 I'm going now.

He nods.

JIM
 We're friends, right?
 (beat)
 Friends.

Impassive, she turns and slips away. Jim's eyes follow her as he she goes.

He sits on a bench, opposite the painting, and stares at the woman.

The Seer takes a seat beside him.

THE SEER
 That poor wee lassie left her number
 fir ye on yir bedside table that
 night. And ye boaked all over it.

Jim sighs and closes his eyes.

THE SEER (CONT'D)
 Ye glaikit bampot. Ye couldnae tell
 true love from a roll in the hay.

Jim swings round to face him.

JIM

Why don't you bloody people just
bloody well leave me bloody well
alone?

THE SEER

Yir talking tae a Glaswegian, son.
That's a lot tae ask.

(beat)

Ah should've known there'd be
problems when Ah read that sonnet
essay o' yours. Seen mair insight
intae love in JR bloody Hartley's
Guide tae Fly Fishing.

Silence.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

So, noo that Plan A's oot the windae,
you better tell me whit Plan B is.

Jim jabs his finger in the Seer's direction.

JIM

I'm done with you people. In fact I
never even started. This is my life,
not yours. I'll decide how I live it.

THE SEER

OK Jamesie, free will it is.

The Seer raises his hands in mock surrender.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

You win. But jist remember: yir on
yir own now, sink or swim.

The Seer rises to his feet and shuffles away, leaving an
unsmiling Jim under the gaze of the elegant woman in the
painting.

He averts his eyes from her.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim, Shug and Gavin sit on the sofa. Scott, pumped-up, paces
up and down in front of them, football-manager style.

SCOTT

Big night tonight, boys. It's wall-
to-wall fanny down there.

He points his finger at them.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I want to see everyone pulling,
everyone baws deep at the end of the
night. And that goes for you too,
Gav.

(beat)

The only chemistry I want to see from
you is the sexual variety.

GAVIN

Can't we just go to Clatty Pats?

SCOTT

(almost affronted)

Where's your ambition?

(beat)

Shug?

SHUG

I'm going Republican tonight, gaffer.
I'm rooting for bush.

SCOTT

Liking your chat, big man.
Inspirational.

Shug raises his hand.

SHUG

Just one thing though, boss. Bit
worried about that HIV and AIDS
stuff. Might get something off they
glasses.

SCOTT

Fuck me. Do you think Rock Hudson got
full-blown AIDS from drinking Dry
Martinis doon the Pink Primrose? Get
real man.

SHUG

Fair enough boss, but I'm still going
to feel my way in, skirt the wall,
like.

SCOTT

Whatever. But remember, boys, you're
making a statement just by going down
there tonight. You're telling those
burds: 'I am here. I am open-minded.
I am sophisticated.'

(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Jimbo, this is your night, man: Kelly S. Doesn't get any bigger than that.

JIM

Yes, gaffer.

SCOTT

Remember: play it cool, cooler than cool.

(beat)

One more thing, boys: do not fear the knock back. Fear and the KB do not enter into the equation.

He beats his palm with his fist.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

KB does not equal mc². Got that?

JIM, SHUG AND GAVIN

Right, boss.

SCOTT

Then let's get ready to fucking rumble.

The four of them shoot out into the hallway, where Scott wins the race to the bathroom.

INT. CRYSTAL PISTOL NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Supremely confident, Scott strides in, followed by Jim and Shug, whose faces betray their nerves, and Gavin, who looks like he would rather be anywhere else.

A PRETTY GIRL approaches Scott, whispers something in his ear and hands him a sheepskin jacket and a tweed cap.

Jim, Shug and Gavin move on.

He winks at her as he puts them on, turns the collar up on the jacket and prepares to be interviewed by a SPORTS REPORTER.

SPORTS REPORTER

Scott, unfamiliar territory for the boys tonight. How do think they'll cope?

SCOTT

The surroundings are maybe a wee bit different than usual, Chick, but the same principles apply. The boys know what to do and I'm confident they can handle the pressure.

SPORTS REPORTER

You mention pressure. Jim's got a lot of that on his shoulders tonight.

SCOTT

I don't buy that, Chick. As Winston Churchill once said, pressure's having a Messerschmit up your arse, though that's probably not the right analogy to use in a place like this.

SPORTS REPORTER

So you reckon Jim can cope?

The pretty girl smiles at Scott as she saunters by. Scott winks back.

SCOTT

(grinning)
With you in a minute, doll.
(back in manager mode)
What was that, Chick?

SPORTS REPORTER

Jim, can he handle the pressure?

SCOTT

Chick, you're looking at the best man manager in the business.

He points to himself.

INT. CRYSTAL PISTOL NIGHTCLUB - SAME

An awestruck Jim watches Kelly dance. Sublime in her movements, she turns down one potential suitor after another.

INT. CRYSTAL PISTOL NIGHTCLUB - SAME

The interview continues.

SPORTS REPORTER

One last question, Scott. What makes these nights so special?

SCOTT

These are your glory nights, Chick.
Even veteran campaigners like me
still get a tingle down the spine on
the big occasion.

(beat)

And it's a great opportunity for
these young lads to show what they
can do with the best Jack and Danny
this city's got to offer.

SPORTS REPORTER

Thanks Scott. Best of luck.

SCOTT

Luck doesn't come into it, Chick.

He scans the scene and starts waving his arms wildly.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Shug, get away from that fucking
wall.

INT. CLUB - LATER

Jim, stationed at the bar, has his eyes on the dancing
Kelly. He is not the only one.

Scott, accompanied by the pretty girl, appears behind him
and massages his shoulders. He whispers MOS to Jim, who
pushes past one of the ogling spectators.

Kelly looks up to see Scott arm in arm with the pretty girl.
Scott winks. Kelly nods her head knowingly then grabs the
advancing Jim.

She pops something into her mouth, pulls him towards her and
kisses him passionately, pushing the contents of her mouth
into his.

She glances over at Scott, who flashes a smile back at her.

KELLY

(to Jim)

Had a feeling you'd be here tonight.

JIM

(pointing to his
mouth)

What's this?

KELLY

A wee pleasure enhancer. Don't swallow it.

Kelly sidles up close to him.

KELLY (CONT'D)

This is how it's going to be.

(beat)

I'm never going round to your flat. I don't want your pal Scott listening to us having sex. So it's my place, and I decide when.

(beat)

And don't get too attached or you'll get dumped. OK?

JIM

(scarcely believing his luck)

Sure.

KELLY

First up, you need to learn how to dance.

She takes a step back and shows Jim some moves.

MONTAGE - A NIGHT ON THE TILES WITH KELLY

-- Jim follows her lead on the dancefloor.

-- They kiss.

-- Jim, very animated, bumps into Kirstie, who is with Carlo and wearing another of her outfits. Jim says something to her MOS. He points to the lights and tries to kiss her but she pulls away. Jim shouts something to her MOS as she walks off and beats his heart with his fist.

-- Kelly and Jim take a taxi. They look in wonder at the lights in the street.

-- Kelly and Jim have great sex in her bedroom.

END MONTAGE

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jim awakens by Kelly's side.

He looks up at the ceiling, lost in thought.

Kelly stirs.

KELLY
Time is it?

JIM
Dunno.

KELLY
Anything interesting up there?

JIM
How do you know when you've met the
One?

KELLY
Now there's a question.

She sits up, reaches for her cigarettes and lights one.

KELLY (CONT'D)
When you sit there in silence and you
don't feel awkward with him. That's
one way of telling, I suppose.

She plants an ashtray on the bed as she takes a puff.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(softly, almost in a
reverie)
Then there's the lump in your throat
when you meet him, and the ache in
the pit of your stomach. That doesn't
go away.

He looks into the distance.

JIM
(almost whispering)
No, it doesn't.

KIRSTIE
How long you had it?

JIM
Three days.

KELLY
Kirstie, right?

JIM
(sitting up)
You're not with them, are you?

KELLY

Them? What you on about?

(beat)

You kept calling her name when we were shagging.

JIM

Oh shit.

KELLY

It was great. You were really going for it. And I'm always up for a bit of role play.

She taps the cigarette over the ashtray.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Question is, what are you doing in bed with me and not her?

JIM

I thought you were the One.

She laughs.

KELLY

Christ, whatever gave you that idea? We never even spoke. You were always too scared.

JIM

How did you know?

KELLY

Read you boys like a book.
(under her breath)
Most of you.

She lights another cigarette.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Anyway, forget about me. What about the One?

He jumps out of bed and starts pulling his clothes on.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you're going round now?

JIM

Should have gone three days ago.

KELLY

You look like shit. And you smell of me.

He dashes for the door.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Stick your head under the shower at least.

JIM

No time.

KELLY

Well now you're leaving me at a loose end, tell Scott to pop round.

He stops in his tracks.

JIM

Scott?

KELLY

You boys should talk more.

JIM

Telling me.

He flings the door open.

KELLY

Officially I dumped you, OK?

JIM

Whatever.

He rushes out. The door slams.

EXT. WEST END STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jim hares down the street.

He arrives at Kirstie's flat, panting, and rings the doorbell. Music plays inside.

Kirstie appears at the door, in her pyjamas, her hair scrunched up under a hair band, her eyes red with crying.

KIRSTIE

James!

JIM

I know I've messed up. Tell me it's not too late.

KIRSTIE

For what?

JIM

For you and me. I love you.

Puppy dog eyes from Jim as he gets his breath back.

JIM (CONT'D)

I've been an idiot, I know. But I love you.

Tears fill his eyes. Kirstie gathers herself.

JIM (CONT'D)

I've had this ache since you left me standing there and it hurts. Hurts so much.

KIRSTIE

Kelly dumped you already?

JIM

No, I mean yes, but it doesn't matter because I want you and I know we're meant to be together.

He lays a hand on the door frame.

JIM (CONT'D)

I meant what I said last night.

KIRSTIE

What? 'Top'? 'Banging'? 'Nice one'?

JIM

No. 'Love you, girl! Love you!'

KIRSTIE

You were tripping your head off.

JIM

It's the truth.

KIRSTIE

In acidus veritas?

JIM

Can't we just go back to the cafe, to where we were?

KIRSTIE
 (pointing to her eyes)
 I don't know if you've noticed, but
 now is not a great time for me.

Carlo pokes his head round the living room door.

CARLO
 Everything alright, Kirst?

He sees Jim, whose face drops.

KIRSTIE
 Fine. James is just going.

CARLO
 (cheery)
 Oh, hi James.

JIM
 (absorbing the shock)
 Hiya.

KIRSTIE
 (to Jim)
 I'm sorry you two split up. I hope
 you find someone soon.

She closes the door. Jim is bereft.

A chirpy, whistling BINMAN, wearing an Auld Claes and
 Porridge T-shirt, winks at Jim as he collects a nearby bin.

BINMAN
 Alright pal?

Jim glares back and stomps off.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - LATER

The front door swings open. In comes Jim, a study in
 dejection.

Singing from the kitchen.

SCOTT AND SHUG (O.C.)
 4-0, even Gavin scored. 4-0, even
 Gavin scored. 4-0, even Gavin
 scored...

Jim marches past the kitchen door as Scott, Shug and Gavin
 jump up and down, in a huddle. Scott spots him as he passes.

SCOTT

Ho, Jimbo!

Scott runs into the hallway. Jim stomps into his bedroom and slams the door behind him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Jimbo!

(to Shug and Gavin)

Better make that 3-1, boys.

INT. WEST END PUB - LATER

A well-oiled Jim and a more sober Scott prop up the bar, pints in hand.

SCOTT

Something doesn't add up. Why would Kelly dump you after one night?

(beat)

Unless you really are a crap shag.

JIM

Tell you what doesn't add up: you telling me to get in there when you've been shagging her all along.

SCOTT

It was a win-win. You get your hole with a total ride and she stops nipping my head about going steady.

JIM

Could have let me know.

SCOTT

OK, fair do's. But it's still a feather in your cap. You've seen the KBs she dishes out.

A smiling Carlo walks in with a male companion and lays his hand on Jim's shoulder as he passes.

CARLO

Me again, James. Hi Scott.

They grunt in acknowledgement. Jim gives Carlo the evil eye as he and his companion wander off in search of a table.

Scott eyes Jim with suspicion.

SCOTT

Oh aye? You and Carlo, eh?

Jim studies Carlo and partner holding hands over a table.
Carlo sees Jim and waves.

JIM
(to Scott)
Is he gay?

Scott looks round at Carlo and his friend, then back at Jim.

SCOTT
Take a wild guess.

Relief washes over Jim's face.

JIM
Oh, that's fucking brilliant.

SCOTT
Why?

JIM
Nothing.

Jim sups up his pint.

SCOTT
That's why Kelly dumped you?
(beat)
Because you bat for England?

EXT. WEST END STREET - LATER

Jim and Scott make a beeline for a kebab shop.

SCOTT
Gonna tell me what's going on?

JIM
Nope.

SCOTT
Something to hide?

JIM
Nope.

Jim nods in the direction of the shop.

JIM (CONT'D)
You wanting one?

SCOTT

Nah. The only kebabs I eat are the ones with muff on top.

Jim totters in.

INT. WEST END KEBAB SHOP - LATER

Jim watches BULENT pour sauce on his kebab. Chatting customers queue behind him.

JIM

Easy on the red sauce, chief.

BULENT

I know how you like it, Jamesie.

JIM

Oh no. Don't "Jamesie" me.

Bulent hands the kebab over.

BULENT

I always call you Jamesie.

Jim beckons Bulent closer. Bulent obliges.

JIM

D'you know them?

BULENT

Who?

JIM

You know, them. The people who know things, about me.

BULENT

I know everyone. Everyone come here.

JIM

(plaintively)

Then tell them to tell me what to do.

BULENT

What's the problem?

JIM

It's a girl. I love her but I've got to win her back.

The customers behind start listening in.

BULENT

Then she need to hear your love.

JIM

I've told her.

BULENT

No. You need to shout it.

(to the customers)

Right lads?

TWO CUSTOMERS sidle up to Jim. One puts his arm round him.

FIRST CUSTOMER

Frae the rooftops, pal.

BULENT

Show her how much you love her.

SECOND CUSTOMER

Lay it on the line, son.

BULENT

Act with your heart.

He beats his chest with his fist.

BULENT (CONT'D)

Not your head.

JIM

(to the two customers)

Are you Porridge people too?

The customers look at each other, bemused.

FIRST CUSTOMER

(to Jim)

Aye. He's Goldilocks and I'm Daddy Bear.

Jim sets his kebab down on the counter.

JIM

Right!

He sprints out.

BULENT

Hey, Jamesie. Your kebab!

(to the two customers)

When man leaves kebab for woman, it must be love.

EXT. WEST END STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jim shoots past the waiting Scott and up the street.

SCOTT

Hey, what the fuck? Where you going?

EXT. KIRSTIE'S FLAT - LATER

Jim tosses a tin can up at Kirstie's bedroom window. The light is off.

The can falls to the ground. He picks it up and throws it up at the window again.

The light comes on. The window opens. Kirstie's head appears.

KIRSTIE

I might have guessed. What are you doing?

JIM

(shouting)

I love you!

A bedroom light comes on next door.

KIRSTIE

I was asleep. Go away!

JIM

(shouting)

I love you so much!

The next-door window opens and an irate NEIGHBOUR pokes his head out.

NEIGHBOUR

(to Jim)

Ho Romeo! Gonnae fuckin' dae wan!

KIRSTIE

(to the neighbour)

I'm really sorry.

(to Jim)

Goodnight James!

NEIGHBOUR

Aye, ya fanny!

The two heads pop back in. The windows close.

JIM

But...

Crestfallen, he slumps to his knees.

A panting Scott arrives.

SCOTT

What the fuck are you doing here?

He picks Jim up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Come on, you pissed twat.

He puts an arm round Jim and they stagger away.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Jim, bleary-eyed and wearing a Celtic shirt, makes a cup of tea amid stacks of dirty plates and other detritus.

He spots a poll tax demand on the table.

He opens it, reads it and rips it up, deliberately.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Shug, Gavin and Scott, wearing a Rangers shirt, watch TV: the build-up to a Celtic-Rangers match.

SCOTT

(whispering)

... then he runs off down the road.
By the time I catch up with him he's
down some street kneeling on the
floor with his head in his hands.

(beat)

Fuck knows that he was doing there.

SHUG

Which street?

SCOTT

The one with the bowling green.

SHUG

Carlo lives there.

SCOTT

Ah, right! I fucking knew it.

GAVIN

What?

SCOTT

Jim and Carlo. Jim's in love with him, but he's with another guy.

SHUG

Is he?

GAVIN

No. Jim's not... He can't be.

SCOTT

Major banditry issues if you ask me.

The doorbell rings.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's not for me.

SHUG

Me neither.

SCOTT

It'll be one of yer burds, Gav. Queuing up out there.

Scott and Shug chuckle.

GAVIN

You'd be surprised.

SCOTT

Aye, I would.

Another ring. Scott turns his attention to the TV.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

'Mon the Teddy Bears.

Gavin sighs and gets up to answer the door.

He opens it to reveal Kirstie, who is prettier than ever in a denim jacket, white T-shirt and jeans, her blonde hair falling down to her shoulders.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kirstie waits. Jim appears and stops dead in his tracks.

JIM

Wow. You look...

She folds her arms.

KIRSTIE
How's the hangover?

JIM
Oh God. I'm really sorry.

KIRSTIE
Forget it. Honestly.

He sighs as he shakes his head in despair.

JIM
Boys are watching the game. We can go
to my room... if you want.

KIRSTIE
The kitchen'll do.

JIM
Ummm...

He rushes towards the door but she gets there first. She eyes the overflowing bin and grimy black floor suspiciously.

KIRSTIE
It's OK, I'm not staying long, unless
I stick to the floor or I pass out.

She waves her hand in front of her nose. Jim opens the window.

JIM
Cup of tea or something?

She contemplates the devastation around her.

KIRSTIE
I'll give it a miss.
(beat)
I came to tell you I'm leaving.
Because of you.

His face drops.

JIM
Because of last night?

KIRSTIE
No! I'm dropping out, applying for
art school.

(MORE)

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I wouldn't be doing it if you hadn't convinced me.

JIM

You spoke to your dad?

KIRSTIE

Yesterday. Had a blazing row. That's why I was in tears.

(beat)

Then he called back to say it was OK. I know it won't be easy but...

JIM

That's great.

KIRSTIE

He's coming to get me this afternoon.

JIM

(pained)

So, this is goodbye?

KIRSTIE

Aye, I suppose it is. I didn't want to sneak off without telling you. I owed you that.

Jim blows his cheeks out.

She peels the soles of her shoes away from the floor and starts to make a move for the door.

JIM

And what about us?

KIRSTIE

Oh James.

JIM

I can't believe I didn't see it.

He takes a step towards her. The sound of his sole peeling away from the floor fills the air.

JIM (CONT'D)

I only realised that day in the gallery.

KIRSTIE

And then you went and slept with Kelly. I could smell it on you when you came round.

JIM

They said to me, these people, that you were the One but I didn't believe them. I never saw you that way.

KIRSTIE

Why not?

JIM

I don't know. Your clothes...

KIRSTIE

My clothes! Says the guy with the lemon tank top.

She laughs in disbelief and shakes her head.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

I liked you for what you were, because you were funny, sweet and genuine. At least I thought you were.

(smiling)

God, I liked you even though you voted for her. How incompatible is that?

(straight-faced)

But you're just shallow. And I won't tell you what I thought of your chip shop stunt.

JIM

You heard about that?

Cheers from the living room.

SCOTT (O.C.)

Drinks, you fucking beauty! Get in!

JIM

Oh shit.

KIRSTIE

I'd better go. My dad'll be here soon.

JIM

You need a hand packing?

KIRSTIE

I'm nearly done.

JIM

I'll walk you back.

KIRSTIE

No.

Scott sings at the top of his voice. The noise gets louder and louder. Jim looks at the floor.

SCOTT (O.C.)

Hello, hello, we are the Billy boys.
Hello, hello, you'll know us by our
noise. We're up to our knees in Fe...

In he comes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(to Kirstie, doing a
double take)

Hello, hello.

(eyes still on her)

Didn't know you had company, Jimbo.

JIM

Kirstie, Scott. Scott, Kirstie.

SCOTT

How you doing? Coming to watch the
game?

KIRSTIE

I was just leaving.

SCOTT

(to Jim)

1-0, man. Drinkell with the header.
Bonner no chance. Your boys are going
to get humped.

JIM

(to Kirstie)

I'll see you out.

She gives Scott a smile as she makes for the front door. Jim follows and opens it for her.

JIM (CONT'D)

I can't argue with what you said.

KIRSTIE

At least we're agreed on something.

He stares at the floor.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

So long then.

JIM

Can't we meet this summer and just talk? I love you, you know.

KIRSTIE

I'm going to Europe. My aunt left me some money and a note telling me to see the world.

(beat)

So I'm doing all the art galleries.

JIM

On your own?

KIRSTIE

Meeting up with a couple of friends.

JIM

(a tremor in his voice)

Send me a postcard.

KIRSTIE

See you, James.

He nods. She turns and heads down the path.

JIM

(calmer)

I'll meet you, anywhere. I'll do whatever it takes.

Kirstie looks back and forces a half smile.

Another roar from inside.

SCOTT (O.C)

Coisty, you fucking beauty!

KIRSTIE

(to Jim)

Good luck with that.

She heads for home.

MONTAGE

-- Jim sighs and closes the door. Scott jumps on him in celebration.

-- Kirstie wanders down a deserted street.

-- Jim sits on a stool in the kitchen, wipes a tear from his eye and studies the mess around him. He picks up a spoon and starts tidying up.

-- Kirstie arrives back at her flat and packs the last of her things. She takes down the drawing of Jim, the last on the wall, looks at it and then puts it away in a folder.

-- Jim mops the kitchen floor. He sees the footprints left by her plimsolls. He takes a cloth and wipes carefully around them.

-- Kirstie and her father pack the last of her things into the car. She waves goodbye to her flatmates as she gets in the car.

-- Jim, mop in hand, contemplates the footprints and the spotless kitchen.

END MONTAGE

INT. JIM'S FLAT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Shug enters. He backs away to the wall when he sees Jim, then surveys the scene.

SHUG

Bloody hell.

He points to Kirstie's footprints.

SHUG (CONT'D)

Oh look. You missed a bit.

Jim glares at him.

EXT. WEST END BUS STOP - DAY

Jim listens to Kirstie's tape on his Walkman. An ELDERLY LADY carrying an Auld Claes and Porridge bag sits down next to him.

He takes his headphones off and studies the woman for a moment.

JIM

I messed up, didn't I?

ELDERLY LADY

Nae wan can judge ye there laddie,
no' when it comes to love.

(MORE)

ELDERLY LADY (CONT'D)

(beat)

That's a puzzle nae wan's ever
solved.

JIM

What do I do now?

ELDERLY LADY

Jist sit, wait and hope for the best.

JIM

Don't think I can. Three weeks now
and still nothing.

ELDERLY LADY

Give her time. That's aw she's
wanting.

(beat)

Thir's nothing like time for putting
things in their place.

Jim fingers the cassette box.

JIM

Did you ever feel like this?

ELDERLY LADY

A long time ago. Stuart wis his name.
Killed fighting the Germans.

(beat)

We wir going tae get married on his
next leave, but the poor laddie never
made it.

JIM

Do you still think of him?

ELDERLY LADY

Aye. Ah think aboot his bonnie face
and his cold body lyin' in a field in
France. Ah think aboot the other life
Ah might have had. Ah think aboot
lots o' things.

She sheds a tear.

ELDERLY LADY (CONT'D)

Och, look. You've set me off noo.

JIM

I'm sorry. I didn't...

ELDERLY LADY

No, laddie. Does me good to hae a wee
bit greet about him.

(beat)

It's a comfort.

Jim nods and wipes a tear from his eye.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY

An Art Deco postcard of Paris sits on the mat. Jim picks it
up. It reads: "So you said you'd meet me. See you by
Titian's Venus of Urbino at midday on August 20th. K"

He clenches his fist in celebration.

He reads the postcard again: "Titian's Venus of Urbino".

Blank look on his face.

He wanders into the kitchen, where DOUGIE, 20 and unkempt,
reads a book.

JIM

Alright?

DOUGIE

(looking up)

Aye.

JIM

You Scott's mate?

DOUGIE

Aye.

He points to the postcard.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Gies a shot o' that?

Jim hands it to him. He reads it and hands it back.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

(reading his book
again)

The Uffizi.

JIM

The what?

DOUGIE
The Venus of Urbino. It's in the
Uffizi. Florence.

JIM
Right.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim approaches the living room. Dougie guards the door,
engrossed in the book.

DOUGIE
Cannae go in.

JIM
What?

DOUGIE
Scott's wanking. Got a porno on.

JIM
Right.
(pointing to the book)
That any good?

DOUGIE
Aye.

INT. JIM'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Jim, suitcase in hand, leaves his keys on the table. Dougie
reads on.

JIM
Can you give these to Scott?

DOUGIE
(engrossed in the
book)
Aye.

JIM
See you later then.

DOUGIE
Aye.

Jim slips his headphones on as he leaves.

EXT. JIM'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Jim saunters down the path, head bobbing to the music.

The postman appears at the gate, letters in hand. They nod at each other as they pass.

Jim slips through the gate and out of sight.

INT. JIM'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - DAY

Jim drinks coffee in immaculate surroundings.

His MOTHER, late 40s, prim and proper, washes up at the sink, in her marigolds.

JIM'S MOTHER

Sounds a bit hare-brained to me. What if she's not there?

She stops and looks up.

JIM'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

What if the painting's not there? They might have loaned it out or something. Have you even checked?

JIM

Of course it'll be there, and so will she.

JIM'S MOTHER

Talk about a wild goose chase. Don't know why she can't she arrange to meet you somewhere sensible, like a train station or a post office or something.

JIM

A post office?

(beat)

Mum, it's romantic. It's Florence. You and dad must have been romantic once, right?

JIM'S MOTHER

Your father's from Dumbarton.

(beat)

And where's the money coming from? Us again, I suppose.

JIM

Dad's got me a job at the golf club.

JIM'S MOTHER

Oh, your father's in on this, is he?
Wait till I speak to him.

She turns to face him.

JIM'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

You must love this girl if you're
prepared to work there all summer
long.

JIM

I'm me when I'm with her.

JIM'S MOTHER

Seems to me like you hardly know her.
Has she told you that she loves you?

JIM

She doesn't have to.

JIM'S MOTHER

Philippa Warriner still loves you.
You could do a lot worse, you know.

JIM

Sorry to break this to you, Mum, but
you're never going to have a Young
Farmer with a fat arse for a
daughter-in-law.

JIM'S MOTHER

James! You've become so uncouth since
you went to that place.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Jim polishes glasses and mixes G&Ts at the golf club bar.

-- A map of Europe. A red line traces Kirstie's journey
around the continent's art galleries and down to Italy.

INT. JIM'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - DAY

Jim, rucksack on his back, kisses his mother on the cheek.
She strokes his face.

JIM'S MOTHER

Take care now. Philippa's brother got
mugged in Florence, you know.

Jim's eyes roll.

JIM'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Mind you, you have survived two years up there.

JIM

The razor gangs have gone, Mum.

She looks him up and down, disapprovingly, him in his leather jacket and jeans.

JIM'S MOTHER

Whatever happened to that lovely tank top from the club shop?

JIM

Er, it shrunk in the wash.

JIM'S MOTHER

I'll get you a new one, then.

More eye rolling. A car horn honks.

JIM'S FATHER (O.C.)

Get a bloody move on.

JIM'S MOTHER

Oh! Now, have you got everything?

JIM

(impatient)

Yes.

JIM'S MOTHER

And your brain?

JIM

I know what I'm doing.

A peck on the cheek and he heads off down the driveway, where his father waits by the car.

JIM'S FATHER

Come on you little bugger.

JIM'S MOTHER

Alan! The neighbours!

JIM'S FATHER

Oh sod the bloody neighbours.

Jim laughs. He turns and waves to her.

EXT. JIM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Jim, face like thunder and bags in hand, stomps up the driveway.

INT. JIM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jim barges in through the front door and marches up the stairs. His mother pops her head round the door.

JIM'S MOTHER

James? I thought you were staying...

An upstairs door slams shut.

JIM'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

(calling up to him)

Shall I call Philippa?

INT. JIM'S NEW FLAT - DAY

Scott has his nose in the paper. Jim stares into a cup of tea.

SCOTT

It's the ultimate act of betrayal, man.

(beat)

I still cannae believe it. Talk about leading you up the driveway. I mean, one minute it's all on, and the next you've got a dagger in your back.

(beat)

Christ only knows how you must have felt.

(beat)

I mean, look at it.

He holds up the newspaper to reveal two photographs of the footballer Maurice Johnston, one of him wearing a Celtic shirt and the other of him in a Rangers jersey.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Who'd have thought it? Souness signing a Scotsman for Rangers.

(beat)

It's Scottish fitba's JFK moment.

He puts the paper down and sits back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 (dramatic)
 'Where were you when MoJo betrayed
 the Tic and signed for the Gers?'
 (beat)
 I know where I was. Baw deep wi' a
 Cockney rose in Ibiza.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOTEL ROOM IN IBIZA - DAY

Scott has noisy sex with a COCKNEY GIRL.

A knock on the door. The two lovers ignore it.

Another knock at the door.

SCOTT
 Fuck off!

Another knock at the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 I said, fuck off!

In walks Scott's friend KENNY.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 What the fuck, Ken? I'm busy here.

Scott and the girl keep at it.

KENNY
 It's Maurice Johnston.

SCOTT
 What about him, for Christ's sake?

KENNY
 He's signed for Rangers.

Scott stops humping.

SCOTT
 Gettaefuck!

COCKNEY GIRL
 (to Scott)
 What you stoppin' for?

KENNY
 (to Scott)
 Straight up. Just been speaking to
 some guy in the bar.
 (MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)

Johnston went to Souness at the last minute to sign the deal.

COCKNEY GIRL

What d'you stop for?

SCOTT

Haud yer wheest, woman!

COCKNEY GIRL

Hold me what?

KENNY

There's Rangers fans down at Ibrox burning season tickets and all sorts. Dougie's on the phone to his dad getting the latest.

Scott jumps off the bed and pulls on a T-shirt and shorts.

COCKNEY GIRL

Where you goin'?

SCOTT

Sorry darling, affairs of state.

He points a finger at Kenny.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

See if you're having me on.

KENNY

Straight up, man. MoJo's a teddy bear.

Scott and Kenny head for the door.

SCOTT

(turning, to the girl)
Don't you go anywhere, doll.
(pointing to a half
full bottle of juice)
And help yourself to the mini bar.

COCKNEY GIRL

Who's a teddy bear?

SCOTT

You are, my love.

He points at her as he leaves.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You'll remember this moment for the
rest of your life.

INT. JIM'S NEW FLAT - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

SCOTT
She fucking will as well.
(beat)
So where were you when you heard?

JIM
In the golf club bar.

SCOTT
Oh aye, jolly sand wedges at the 19th
hole?

JIM
I was working.

SCOTT
Working? What all summer?

JIM
Pretty much.

SCOTT
You mean to say you spent the second
summer of love fixing Pink Gins for
old duffers in Pringle sweaters and
naff slacks?

JIM
It was alright.

SCOTT
Fucking nightmare.
(beat)
Must be loaded though?

JIM
Was.
(looking up)
Lost it all.

SCOTT
Gambling?

JIM
Something like that.

SCOTT

Mug's game, mate. Like relationships:
you always come out down.

Scott goes back to his paper, Jim to his tea-gazing.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

So, any other news from the summer,
major life decisions?

JIM

(confused)

No. Not really.

SCOTT

Not really?

JIM

No.

Scott puts the paper down.

SCOTT

You can tell me, you know.

JIM

(looking up)

Tell you what?

SCOTT

We're pals. You can tell me anything.
Even...

JIM

Even what?

SCOTT

Shug thinks you're a buftie.

JIM

What? Jesus!

Jim gets to his feet.

SCOTT

Don't know where he got it from, but
end of last year he was convinced.

JIM

Christ!

SCOTT
 Gav and I told him, like.
 (beat)
 So, it's not true then?

JIM
 (combative)
 What do you think?

Scott picks up his paper again.

SCOTT
 See, I knew it.
 (beat)
 This is good. Two mates being up
 front with each other.

He peers over the top of the paper.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 So you're up for some wingman action
 tonight, then?

MONTAGE - A CHANGING WORLD

-- A pretty girl walks up to Jim at a club. They talk
 briefly MOS. Jim shakes his head and she walks away.

-- Kirstie walks into the Glasgow School of Art.

-- Jim watches a news report on the collapse of the Berlin
 Wall. Kirstie watches the same report.

-- Kirstie paints in a classroom at the art school.

-- Jim visits the Auld Claes and Porridge store, shrouded in
 scaffolding. A sign reads: "Under refurbishment. Reopening
 soon".

-- Jim watches a news report on the release of Nelson
 Mandela from prison. Kirstie watches the same report.

-- Jim rips up another poll tax demand.

-- A smiling Kirstie walks hand in hand down the street with
 a young man, CAM.

-- Jim watches a news report on the Poll Tax riots in
 London. Kirstie watches the same report.

END MONTAGE

INT. STUDENT FLAT - NIGHT

Indie music wails in a packed, smoky room.

A couple kiss passionately in the corner.

Jim, Scott, Shug and Ben stand close by, chatting.

SCOTT

(holding court)

Berlin Wall was a biggie, but see in
25 years, people won't remember where
they were when it came down.

His back to the kissing couple, Jim grabs another beer.

SHUG

It's the end of the Cold War, man.

SCOTT

Aye, but MoJo, that's JFK-esque. And
we all know what I was doing when the
news came through, eh?

Eyes roll, while Scott scans the room, scouting the talent.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Got to say, the fanny at these art
school parties! Fucking up there with
Ibiza.

He sees the snogging couple and nudges Jim.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(to Jim)

Hey. Is that not whatshername?

Jim looks round at the lovers: Kirstie and Cam.

Disbelief on Jim's face. Scott has his eyes on him. Shug and
Ben have theirs on the lovers.

Kirstie looks up and sees Jim. She puts her head in her
hands.

Jim rushes out. Scott follows him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

(calling after him)

Jim! Jim!

INT. JIM'S NEW FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jim, grim-faced, reads a French Art Deco postcard.

Jim sets the postcard down on the table, next to a copy of the book Dougie read. A chastened Scott sits next to him.

The postcard reads: "Slight change of plan! Rendez-vous by Modigliani's L'Enfant gras instead. Same time, same day. K". The words "Brera, Milan" appear in red pen, next to the title of the painting.

SCOTT

(chastened)

Had a quick read when Dougie gave me the book back.

(beat)

Thought you'd seen it.

(beat)

Didn't even twig who K was. I didn't know you two were...

JIM

It doesn't matter.

SCOTT

Course it matters. This changes everything.

JIM

It doesn't. You saw her.

SCOTT

Maybe she's using the guy to get over you.

JIM

She wouldn't believe me.

SCOTT

Show her your passport.

(beat)

You've got to see her, tell her you went. Tell her what she means to you.

JIM

Listen to you, Cupid.

Scott picks up the postcard and thrusts it into Jim's hands.

Jim closes his eyes, then rises from the table.

EXT. RENFREW STREET - DAY

TIME LAPSE

Jim stands at the entrance to the Glasgow School of Art, postcard in hand.

-- He sits on the steps as students come and go.

-- He takes shelter from a passing shower.

-- He leans against a pillar at the entrance.

-- He sees a smiling Kirstie and Cam approach, hand in hand.

EXT. RENFREW STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jim fingers the postcard and then turns and leaves.

Kirstie and her boyfriend do not see him as they skip up the steps.

As Jim shuffles off down the street, two burly traffic wardens, both wearing Auld Claes and Porridge caps, appear from behind a van and block his path.

FIRST TRAFFIC WARDEN

Not so fast there, Jamesie.

Jim wears a look of resignation.

SECOND TRAFFIC WARDEN

Yir jist gonnae let that wee
wankstain tak' her awa' from ye?

They take hold of him and frogmarch him back to the School of Art.

JIM

(forlorn)

Maybe *they're* made for each other.
You ever thought of that?

FIRST TRAFFIC WARDEN

You think we'd be here if they were.

They haul him up the steps and into the building.

INT. GLASGOW SCHOOL OF ART - CONTINUOUS

The traffic wardens escort Jim down a corridor and in through the open door of a studio.

Students mill about inside. Some unpack bags. Others chat.

The traffic wardens release Jim and clear their throats.

Kirstie and Cam look up. Her face wears a mix of surprise and dread when she sees Jim.

FIRST TRAFFIC WARDEN

(to Jim)

Go on, then. Tell her about the postcard.

Silence descends. Jim, postcard in hand, and Kirstie don't know where to look.

SECOND TRAFFIC WARDEN

(impatient, to Kirstie)

He didnae get it, the second wan. That's why he wisnae there, in Milan.

FIRST TRAFFIC WARDEN

Worked aw summer so he could go. He wis gonnae treat you too. Nice meals, nice hotel... What was it called?

SECOND TRAFFIC WARDEN

(theatrically)

Hotel Palazzo Ricasoli.

KIRSTIE

(to Jim)

You went to Florence?

Jim gives the merest of nods.

SECOND TRAFFIC WARDEN

(to Kirstie)

Missed the second summer of love fir ye.

CAM

(taking a step forward, aggressive)

What the hell's going on here?

KIRSTIE

Cam, please.

SECOND TRAFFIC WARDEN

(facing Cam down)

Aye, back off Cam, ya interlopin' bawbag.

Cam retreats.

FIRST TRAFFIC WARDEN
Floor's aw yoors then, Jamesie.

The whole room has their eyes on Jim.

Postcard still in hand, straight-faced, he gazes at Kirstie and then turns to the traffic wardens.

JIM
So this is it?
(looking around him,
unimpressed)
It has to be like this?

FIRST TRAFFIC WARDEN
Oh, very sorry. What you wantin? Red
roses, a box of Milk Tray and
Pavarotti beltin' oot Nessun Dorma?

Jim slaps the postcard into his midriff.

JIM
Anything but this.

Jim strides out. The first traffic warden runs to the door.

FIRST TRAFFIC WARDEN
(calling after Jim)
Oh, that's right. Jist walk awa' frae
yir destiny.

Jim stops, shakes his head and turns to face him.

JIM
This thing you do - it doesn't work.

INT. CITY CENTRE PUB - LATER

Jim, a picture of dejection, nurses a pint in a dive bar. It is empty except for two old men at the bar and The Seer, who gives the fruit machine his undivided attention. Pint in hand, he wears his long black coat and "Auld Claes and Porridge" T-shirt, his silvery hair tied in a ponytail.

The Seer slots one coin after another into the machine and taps the Spin button repeatedly until, suddenly, he hits the jackpot.

THE SEER
Ya beauty!

The machine kerchunks as coins tumble into the tray. The old men look up. Jim stares at his pint, unmoved.

Finally, the last coin drops.

THE SEER (CONT'D)
 'Boot time this bugger paid out.
 (to the barman)
 Drinks aw roond, Rab.

The barman nods and pours a pint of heavy. The old men smile and raise their glasses to the Seer. He gives them a wink.

THE SEER (CONT'D)
 Aw' right, lads.

The Seer collects his pint, glides over to Jim's table and takes a seat. Jim is oblivious to his arrival.

THE SEER (CONT'D)
 Lady Luck, eh. Whit a whoor! She
 shines on some...

He sips on his pint.

THE SEER (CONT'D)
 ...and dumps buckets o' shite on
 others.

He sets his pint down on the table.

THE SEER (CONT'D)
 So that's that then, eh?

Jim stares into his pint.

JIM
 Who are you? God?

THE SEER
 The Seer of Sauciehall Street, a very
 distant relation.

Jim lifts his gaze and looks into the Seer's eyes.

JIM
 Why do you do this?

The Seer takes another sip.

THE SEER

Remember when that woman who shall not be named said there was no such thing as society, only individual men and women and families?

Jim is all ears.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

Well, see when she said that, Ah just thought': 'Nah. Ah'm gonnae get off ma fat arse and dae something'.

(beat)

Ah thought, 'Ah'll show her what society's aw about: love, compassion, empathy for your fellow man, aw the things she's tried to tear oot of us.

The Seer leans back in his chair.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

And here we are, tryin' to put roond pegs intae roond holes and sprinkle a wee bit o' romance on Glesga's grey and rainy streets.

The Seer leans forward.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

Love's a slippery wee bastard, though. And then there's free will. It's a buggie fightin' against that.

JIM

Why didn't you tell me about the other postcard?

THE SEER

It's a big city, Jamesie, and yir not the only wan with a soulmate oot there. We cannae be everywhere at once.

Jim, a lost look in his eye, surveys the happy old men at the bar.

JIM

Romance in Glasgow? That's a laugh.

The Seer takes another sip.

THE SEER

Let me tell you about this city' an'
romance, boy. There's more tae it
than the Glasgow kiss, ye ken.

He throws his arms into the air.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

People talk about Rome and Paris and
aw they places.

(beat)

And fair enough, you'll never see
Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn
scooting doon the London Road on a
Vespa, or Marlon Brando stoatin'
about the Tron wi' a poond o' butter
in his haund.

He drains the last of his pint.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

But there's love in the air here. Aw
ye've got to do is haud your haund
oot tae the breeze and ye'll feel it.

He slaps the glass down on the table, startling Jim.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

But here, whit's done is done. Jist
dinnae say we didnae try to help ye.

JIM

It doesn't matter now. It's over.

THE SEER

Maybe it is, but you've still goat
yir reprogramming to complete.

JIM

Reprogramming?

THE SEER

Fir that votin' malfunction of yours
in '87.

JIM

But...

THE SEER

Ye've ripped up yir poll tax letters
and staged yir one-man demos, but
it's time ye did somethin' fir yir
fellow man, fir society.

JIM

How?

THE SEER

By doin' a wee assignment fir us.
Ye've got insight noo, experience.
And we need as much o' that as we can
get.

JIM

But I'm not from here.

The Seer rises to his feet.

THE SEER

Yir dad's from doon the watter there.
Yir in.

JIM

And what do I have to do?

THE SEER

Follow me, Agent Jamesie. Time fir
yir briefing on love and its
mysterious ways.

They exit the pub, two men on a mission.

EXT. WEST END STREET - DAY

Jim, a smile on his face and a spring in his step, paces
down the street.

SUPER: "THURSDAY, 22 NOVEMBER 1990"

He approaches a newspaper seller. They shake hands and chat
MOS.

A look of surprise comes across Jim's face.

He picks up a newspaper. The front-page headline reads:
"THATCHER RESIGNS".

Jim smiles and hugs the newspaper seller.

EXT. KELVINGROVE BANDSTAND - LATER

Jim, Scott and Gavin make their way down the steps.

Carlo sits on the stage, which is lit by string lights.

SCOTT

Very nice but what's all this in aid of?

GAVIN

It's bloody freezing.

SCOTT

The whole city's celebrating the witch's demise and we're...

(spotting Carlo, to Jim)

What's he doing here?

Jim hops on to the stage, followed by Scott and Gavin.

JIM

Hey Carlo. Been waiting long?

CARLO

He's not coming, is he?

SCOTT

Who?

JIM

He'll be here. He's gone to see Die Hard 2.

CARLO

Again? That's six times already.

SCOTT

(to Jim)

No fucking way.

GAVIN

Someone's coming.

SADIE, 21, pretty and petite, makes her way down the steps of the auditorium.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(disbelieving)

Sadie?

SADIE

(breathless)

Gavin.

Gavin points a disbelieving finger at Sadie and turns to Jim.

Jim nods. Gavin jumps down from the stage to meet her.

SADIE (CONT'D)

You remember when we worked together
on the synthesis and characterisation
of fluxional ferrocenophanes?

Gavin takes her by the hand.

GAVIN

How could I forget?

SADIE

You were amazing. So helpful. So
knowledgeable. So... masterful.

GAVIN

You weren't so bad yourself either.

SADIE

Kiss me, you sexy genius!

Scott, Carlo and Jim whistle and cheer as Gavin and Sadie
get it on.

SCOTT

Fuck, love in the lab! Who'd have
thought it?

The stage door opens behind them and Shug appears.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

How am I no surprised to see you
slipping in through the back door,
McClane?

SHUG

Alright guys.

He clocks Gavin and Sadie.

SHUG (CONT'D)

Hey, nice one, Gav.

He sees Carlo. His jaw drops.

SHUG (CONT'D)

(to Jim)

You didn't say anything about...

JIM

A soulmate's a soulmate, Shug.

SHUG

It cannae be. I like burds.

CARLO
Don't be frightened, Hugh.

SCOTT
(agog)
Hugh?

SHUG
(to Carlo)
I like you, a lot, but I've never...

JIM
How do you feel when he plays the
Spanish guitar for you?

SHUG
It's like nothing I've ever heard.

Carlo and Shug shuffle up to each other and kiss, to more
applause.

SCOTT
(to Jim)
See if you've got any of that monkey
business lined up for me!

KELLY (O.C.)
No monkeys. Just me.

Scott turns to see Kelly standing in front of the stage.

SCOTT
Oh Christ. Of all the 'wans'...
(to Jim)
No way out of this?

Jim shakes his head. Scott flops on to his back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
The bloody "C" word.

He springs back up.

SCOTT
(to Kelly)
One month's trial.

JIM
Two.

SCOTT
Two?

JIM
Non-negotiable.

KELLY
(to Scott)
What have I been telling you?

SCOTT
Bloody stitch-up!
(resigned)
Come on then. Let's give it a whirl.

Scott jumps down to join Kelly.

The couples assemble in front of the stage.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(to Jim)
You not coming?

JIM
Get you down there in a bit. I'm
waiting on someone.

SCOTT
Kirstie?

JIM
(shaking his head)
A friend.

The couples wave goodbye and troop off.

Jim leans against the side of the stage, a look of
satisfaction on his face.

The Seer makes his entrance from the back of the stage.

THE SEER
Sorry Ah'm late, young man. Knew
you'd manage on your own, though.

He nods towards the departing couples.

THE SEER (CONT'D)
Six satisfied customers, eh?

JIM
Well, four for sure. We'll have to
wait and see about the other two.

THE SEER
Good job. Congratulations.

He pats Jim on the back. Jim studies him.

JIM

And Who's the Wan for you?

The Seer casts an eye up at the night sky.

THE SEER

She walked oot the door ten years ago
and never came back.

JIM

And where did she go?

THE SEER

(warning him off)

Dinnae even think about it.

(beat)

Ah blew it. She wis the Wan awright,
but Ah let her slip awa'.

(rousing himself)

But here, this is a night fir
toasting love and a long-awaited
departure, though Ah'd have preferred
it if we'd pushed her off the plank -
not her own bloody party.

(beat)

Still, a win's a win, eh?

He extends a hand. Jim shakes it.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

No joinin' the fun?

JIM

Having a few minutes to myself.

THE SEER

Feels good, eh? The glow that comes
with sprinklin' a wee dod o'
happiness.

The Seer vaults off the stage.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

Oh here. Ah nearly forgot.

He pulls an Auld Claes and Porridge T-shirt out of his
pocket.

THE SEER (CONT'D)

(tossing it to Jim)

Something to remember me by.

Jim opens it out.

JIM

I never got the porridge bit.

THE SEER

Ah hate the stuff. But if ye think
about it, it's a bit like love: lumpy
but filling, gooey but guid fir yir
hairt, and it sticks like glue.

(pointing a finger
upwards and making
circular motion)

It's what keeps us aw stuck the
gither.

(beat)

Toodle'oo, James. An' mind oot for
that sticky stuff. Ye never know when
it's gonnae bubble ower the side o'
the pan.

The Seer heads up the steps and out of sight.

Jim switches the lights off. The orange glow of the street
lamps bathes the stage.

He surveys the scene and puts a hand out to the breeze.

The sound of a person clapping -- slowly at first, then
faster and faster -- fills the air.

Jim peers into the gloom. The applause dies away.

KIRSTIE (O.C)

Nice show.

He gives a sharp intake of breath.

He jumps down from the stage and scans the benches, a glint
in his eye.

KIRSTIE (O.C) (CONT'D)

But what about the girl? What happens
to her?

He makes her out, sitting halfway up.

He climbs the steps to her.

KIRSTIE (CONT'D)

I hate loose ends. I always need to
know what happens.

She cups his face in her hands.

JIM

I kind of like ambiguous.

She kisses him, as if she has waited three years to do so.

They gaze into each other's eyes.

KIRSTIE

Not me. I need to know if she gets
the boy.

FADE OUT.

THE END